

# The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE REFORM OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES.

BY D. P. PALMER.

GEORGETOWN, O., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1844

NEW SERIES.—VOL. V. No. 16

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## From the Buffalo Courier.

### INCIDENTS OF THE FLOOD.

There were many late breadth escapes  
of families and individuals in the latest storm  
and flood, the particulars of which, I all  
could be collected and given, would make  
a volume of exciting interest. Among the  
incidents of this kind we have heard the following:

Two families of the name of Wilson  
and Watson, resided on the south side  
of the Buffalo creek, above the Marine  
railway, in a couple of adjoining cottages.  
When the water commenced rising they  
saw it increase without alarm, feeling  
satisfied that they were beyond its reach,  
their dwellings occupying the highest  
ground on that side of the stream. Soon,  
however, it washed the basement of  
their houses, and came splashing over  
the floors. Both families now collected  
in one of the buildings, and waited the  
issue with some anxiety, though as yet  
no alarm. But higher and higher it  
rose the flood, and from the chairs  
and tables on which they stood to get  
above it, they were soon driven to seek  
other refuge. Breaking through the seal-  
ing over head they passed up into the  
little garret and flattered themselves that  
their retreat would be secure, but the  
pursuing flood soon invaded it, and they  
were forced to seek a still greater el-  
vation. With much difficulty they broke  
an opening through the roof and as a last  
resort clambered upon the top of the  
building. Scarcely however had they  
done this when the house tumbled be-  
neath them and they were committed to  
the mercy of the elements, and launched  
a drift upon the raging and boiling flood.  
The families consisted each of a hus-  
band, wife and infant child, all in their  
night dress. It so chanced that when  
the building fell, the families were upon  
the opposite sides of the roof which  
parted at the ridge left each a section to  
serve as a raft, upon which their perilous  
navigation commenced. They were soon  
separated, and each supposed the other  
was entirely lost. Both were borne safely  
however, across the creek, and over a  
large portion of the flats, making over a  
mile of the most fearful midnight voy-  
aging that ever man, wife and child un-  
derwent. They passed buildings where  
they could see families safe in their sec-  
ond stories, to whom they vainly shriek-  
ed for aid, which it was impossible to  
render.

One of the rafts at length approached  
so near the dwelling of Mr. Gates, that he  
was enabled to render assistance, and  
had the pleasure of rescuing from their  
dangerous situation three human beings  
who proved to be intimate friends and  
neighbors. The imagination of the reader  
must be left to picture the joy that  
was felt at this remarkable deliverance.

The screams of fellow beings in dis-  
tress, heard in the terrors of such a night  
above the dashing of the mad flood and  
the howling of the wild storm, reached  
Mr. Jacob Banta, residing in the same  
vicinity, and the appeal was not to be  
resisted. He dashed out into the swelling  
deluge and at the peril of his own life  
succeeded in rescuing the other of the  
two families, at a period when death  
seemed inevitable. They had lost their  
footing upon the raft and barely kept their  
heads above the water by the aid of a few  
floating staves and fragments of loose  
boards. Besides this they were just upon  
the brink of the little Buffalo creek,  
and in a moment more would have been  
past aid. When he thus risked his life  
to save these hapless human beings, it was  
in entire ignorance of who they were.

There was a double gratification in find-  
ing that they were friends and neigh-  
bors, and that the husband was one of  
his most trusted workmen, whose fate,  
with that of his family, he had supposed  
to be already and mournfully decided.

Each of the two families thus pro-  
videntially saved, remained until the next  
day under the painful apprehension that  
the other was lost, and the joy of their  
discovery that both were rescued, may be  
imagined but not expressed.

We have heard of another family, the  
name not learned, who made a similar  
voyage on that night of fearful disaster  
and alarm. They had taken shelter on  
the roof of their dwelling when it was bedi-

ly lifted and swept away by the flood, and  
finally landed at the hydraulics nearly a  
mile and a half from where it stood be-  
fore the storm. In this case we are told  
there was a large family of children, all  
who were providentially saved.

There were doubtless other instances  
of a like kind, and large as the loss of life  
has been, the guiding care of Providence  
is seen in the fact that comparatively so  
many were preserved, a large number  
under circumstances of the extremest  
peril.

The office of Messrs Bidwell & Banta  
made a similar voyage across the Big  
Buffalo Creek, bringing a valuable though  
less precious cargo, viz: their iron safe.  
It was brought safely over the creek, and  
dropped on the flats between Ohio and  
Elk streets; the office thus lightened of  
its burden, continuing its voyage to the  
Hydraulics or that vicinity. A large  
grindstone was left in like manner near  
the iron chest, having been brought across  
the creek by some similar means.

From the Columbian Magazine.

## THE WILLEY HOUSE. A TRUE TALE OF THE WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH.

BY JAMES F. OTIS.

The melancholy fate of a well known  
family, whose picturesque residence was  
in the very midst of the White Mountain  
range in New Hampshire has formed the  
subject of more than one attempt of the  
poet and romancer. But the simple nar-  
rative, with no other adornment than the  
truth itself, may not prove less interest-  
ing to the reader than either poetry or  
romance; for it is one of those instances  
in which "Truth is stranger than fiction."

It was in the year 1835 that I was jour-  
neying with a large party of travellers  
through that extraordinary pass in the  
mountains of New Hampshire which is  
called "The Notch." As we entered it,  
the rain, which had just before been fall-  
ing in torrents, abated and enabled us to  
observe minutely the features of the glo-  
rious scenery around us. We were wind-  
ing our way among the bases of high  
mountains springing upward from the  
level on which we stood, and burying  
their lofty peaks in the clouds that still  
hung in dark and heavy masses above  
them. The mist, thinner than the dense  
clouds that filled the upper air, was curl-  
ing upward and downward along the low  
levels of the many hill sides in wreaths  
of fantastic shapes, displaying in suc-  
cession a series of the most picturesque  
landscapes, like the shifting of scenery  
upon the stage. In the midst of the gen-  
eral admiration excited by the scene of  
varied beauty, we became aware of our  
near approach to a point which, we had  
been told at our last stopping place, we  
should find one of the most interesting  
in our whole journey. We had come to  
a sudden turn among the hills we had  
been all the morning traversing, and  
found ourselves entering a broad, cir-  
cular valley at the base of the wide moun-  
tain range, which rose amphitheatrically  
all around us as far as the eye, looking  
on either side, could reach. Green mead-  
ows, with here and there a few trees,  
with some attempts at cultivation, were  
visible in the valley, as the eye took in  
the landscape that lay stretched out be-  
fore us; and in the midst of the whole  
there ran a noisy and shallow stream,  
which struck us all, however, as being  
unusually broad and rapid in its flow.  
We had listened, the evening before, to  
the tale of that swift torrent, and now we  
gazed upon it in silent awe.

The dark hill sides, bounding our view  
on either hand, were deeply indented with  
the paths that many mighty avalanches  
had traversed. At the foot of one of  
the highest and most corrugated of these,  
and standing closely upon the road side,  
our guide pointed out to us the former  
dwelling place of the "Willey family,"  
and the scene of that wonderful and  
appalling catastrophe, the memory of  
which throws such a deep melancholy  
over this devoted valley, was full before us.

"An everlasting hill" was torn  
From its eternal base, and borne  
In gold and crimsoned vapors drest,  
To where a household are at rest!

The mountain-sepulchre of hearts beloved!  
The cottage stood; while the monarch trees  
Leaned back from the encountering breeze,  
As the tremendous pageant moved!

The mountain forsook his perpetual throne,  
Came down from his rock, & his path was shown,  
In baroness and ruin, where  
The secret of his power lies bare.

His rocks in nakedness arise!  
His desolation mock the skies!"

The "Willey house" stands, as I have  
said, at the foot of one of the loftiest of  
the White Mountains, with a small, nat-  
ural knoll thrown up directly in its rear.—  
In the summer of 1826, a young woman  
and her four children were sitting in that  
cottage awaiting the return of her hus-

band and their father from the plain above  
the "Notch," where his duties had detain-  
ed him until a later hour than usual. The  
night had fallen, and the supper table  
was spread in readiness for the arrival of  
the master of that simple family. It was,  
though in midsummer, a chilly evening,  
and a bright wood fire burned merrily up  
on the hearth, and aided the beams of the  
candle which stood on the table, in  
giving the little cabin a cheerful aspect.  
Suddenly a loud rumbling noise, like the  
muttering of distant thunder, but shorter  
and more abrupt, was heard. As the  
cottage trembled with the concussion of  
air occasioned by the shock, the good  
woman, (who was singularly fair and  
beautiful, it is said,) doubtless remem-  
bered that such noises had not been un-  
usual that season, and, moreover, that  
they had always accompanied the num-  
erous slides which were constantly occur-  
ring among those mountains. She put  
her sleeping babe into the bed in the ad-  
joining room, and resuming her knitting,  
sat down once more to await her hus-  
band's return.

It was about an hour after this that a  
single horseman was taking his solitary  
way down the mountain pass I have de-  
scribed. Feeling somewhat chilled as he  
came in sight of the ruddy glow that  
was thrown from the windows of the Wil-  
ley cottage, he abandoned his intention  
of pushing on to the lower Crawford's  
that night, and dismounted at the door of  
the house, which was standing wide open.  
No one answering his call, as he held his  
bridle in his hand before the cottage, he  
determined to stable his horse himself;  
and for this purpose he crossed the nar-  
row road in the direction, as he had rea-  
son to remember very well, of the barn  
belonging to the Willeys. But no such  
building was there. Perplexed with  
doubt, the traveller tied his horse to a  
stake in the fence beside the cabin, and  
went in.

There stood the table in the middle of  
the floor, the candle burning brightly, and  
the fire blazing cheerily upon the hearth.  
But nothing living met the eye, or greet-  
ed the ear of the stranger excepting a  
cat, which was playing with a ball of  
worsted attached to some knitting work  
that seemed to have been thrown or drop-  
ped carelessly upon the floor. A feeling  
of horror, he could not tell why, crept  
over the wayfarer as he gazed upon the  
scene. Where were the members of the  
family for whom all this comfort had  
been prepared—any, some of whom had,  
as he could plainly perceive, within a  
few short moments, been enjoying it?—  
There was no human habitation, he well  
knew, within many miles, and the near-  
est, by more than one half, was that one  
which he had left more than an hour be-  
fore in "The Notch." He had ridden over  
the only road between the two points and  
had met no one. He went into the  
sleeping room adjoining the apartment he  
had first entered. There was the bed,  
and the traveller observed that the bed-  
ding had been pressed but slightly, and  
as he thought he could surely perceive,  
by no other form than that of an infant.—  
There were two other rooms in the cot-  
tage, into both of which he went, but no  
sign of human inhabitant was visible.

He returned in the open air. The  
night was starlit and clear. The air  
was cold and bracing, although it was  
July. The stranger walked forth a few  
paces into the road. He had been in the  
habit of travelling over it once every  
year, but he remembered only its more  
prominent features; yet he thought that  
the little river or brook which ran in the  
valley was noisier than he had ever be-  
fore known it to be, and as he had met  
with some more obstructions in the road  
while on foot than he had seemed to do  
when mounted, a short time before, he  
thought, too, that there was some change  
in the level of the highway since he was  
last there. But these changes, if, in-  
deed, they were not merely imaginary,  
proved quite insufficient to afford him the  
least clue of the mystery that was every  
moment becoming more and more intol-  
erable to him. He threw himself once  
more upon his saddle, and rode rapidly  
to the younger Crawford's in "The  
Notch." Having told the latter the story  
of his inexplicable adventure, he re-  
mounted, while the son of the forest cal-  
led up his men, and all taking horse went  
down to the valley without loss of time.

"Did you hear any noises, stranger,  
like the fall of slides from the hills, as  
you rode along, to night?" asked Tom  
Crawford of the traveller.

"Yes, one," was the reply; "one, since  
that you recollect we both heard, just as  
I was leaving your house, at dusk."

"When did you hear the second report?"  
said Crawford.

"About twenty minutes before I reach-  
ed Willey's," replied the traveller. "It  
was far louder than the other, and con-  
tinued much longer, like thunder echoing  
among the mountains."

The hardy mountain forester was puz-  
zled. "Suppose it were a slide! What

then? The people gone, and nothing de-  
stroyed!" Thus musing, he reached the  
entrance to the valley, at the head of the  
excited party. It immediately became  
evident to the practiced eye of the moun-  
taineer that an avalanche of unusual  
extent had fallen from the lofty peak  
which towered toward the clear mid-  
night sky, directly in the rear of the cot-  
tage. It was dark, and he could not  
discern minute objects, but it was easy  
to perceive that a huge heap of gravel  
lay across the road in front of the house,  
and it soon appeared obvious to Crawford  
that the barn, which stood exactly op-  
posite to the cottage, had been carried away  
by the slide. Passing on a few steps be-  
low the house they could perceive that a  
portion of the mass of earth had fallen on  
the lower as well as the upper side of  
the cottage, and that the two had reunited  
their tremendous forces nearly in  
front of the unharmed habitation!

The party entered the house. Every-  
thing, even to the quiet slumbering of  
the unconscious animal that lay upon the  
hearth, was as calm and still and death-  
like as when left by the stranger some  
hours before. And no human life was there.

"They have fled from the avalanche, to  
seek shelter in the valley," suggested the  
traveller.

"Yes, they have gone down to the tent!"  
exclaimed his companion. "Why didn't  
I think of that before? The tent! I  
know where it is. They set it  
up on purpose, for these slides are hap-  
pening at this time of the year, almost  
every day; and this summer they have  
been more frequent than ever. So Wil-  
ley had a tent put up, down by the brook."

But no tent could be found! The  
brook was now a swift and turbulent  
flood, and was flowing a broad, restless  
stream, over the site of the camp of re-  
fuge; and all who had fled thither were  
lying cold beneath its waves; while the  
cottage, whence the last ones had fled  
for safety, was standing there in the still,  
clear night, safe and unharmed.

It stands there to this day. But its  
door remains ever open, and still no hu-  
man life is there!

From the Pennsylvania.

## ANOTHER FORGERY!

What will not Philadelphia whiggery  
descend to—false, intriguing, bribing,  
FURNISH WHIGGERY? We stop the press  
to publish the following startling com-  
munication. It comes from a high respec-  
table citizen of Monroe county, whose  
letter, with the spurious ticket enclosed,  
will remain in our office for inspection.  
The ticket, it will be seen, has the lead-  
ing and closing names copied from the  
democratic electoral ticket, and names  
from the whig ticket inserted between,  
obviously for the purpose of deception  
and fraud.

This last device of the Philadelphia  
fund mongers is more dangerous than any  
which has preceded it. We have no fears  
that the democrats of the State can be  
bribed, but they may be cheated. Mr.  
Cox may be more successful than Mr.  
Reed.

'STROUDSBURG, Oct. 23, 1844.

"Dear Sir: The whigs of Philadel-  
phia have sent to this county the follow-  
ing electoral ticket. You will perceive it  
is a fraudulent one, containing part of the  
democratic electors, and part of the whig  
electors.

## ELECTORS.

Wilson McCandless,  
Asa Dimock,  
George F. L. Hman,  
Christian Kneass,  
William H. Smith,  
John Hill,  
John Killinger,  
Benjamin Frick,  
Jesse Sharp,  
Alexander E. Brown,  
William Heidenreich,  
Samuel Shaffer,  
Stephen Baldy,  
William Heister,  
George Schuster,  
Daniel M. Smycer,  
William A. Irvin,  
James Woodburn,  
John D. Ninsteehl,  
Daniel Washabaugh,  
James Mathers,  
Andrew W. Loomis,  
Andrew Burke,  
John L. Gow,  
Christian Myers,  
Robert Orr.

Three packages of these tickets were  
sent from Philadelphia to a federalist in  
this county, to be distributed in Monroe  
and Pike. No doubt tickets of the like  
kind will be sent in different parts of the  
Commonwealth.

I, therefore, wish you to give the in-  
formation to our friends, so that the  
democrats be not deceived.

Yours, respectfully,

M. M. DIMMICK.

N.B.—I have succeeded in getting  
one of these enclosed tickets, and enclose  
it. These tickets were sent by a Mr.

Cox a merchant of Philadelphia, to a Mr.  
Eadburn, of this place, for distribution.  
M. M. D.

\*These names marked with a star are  
from the whig ticket.

## THE FORGED BIRNEY LETTER AND AFFIDAVITS.

The Liberty Herald, of Cincinnati, de-  
nounces the Birney letter and affidavits,  
which first appeared in the Journal of  
this city, a forgery, and gives clear evi-  
dence of the fact. But fraud and forge-  
ry are the weapons of Clay whiggery.

We copy the following paragraph from  
a long article in the Herald. There is  
no doubt that the whole is a clear whig  
Rearback! What can be thought of a  
party that looks for success by such  
means?

The Herald says:

"A word before closing as to G. B.  
Garland. Why does he omit to say in  
his affidavit that the letter, of which he  
furnishes a copy, was in the handwriting  
of Mr. Birney? Why did he not make  
his affidavit in Saginaw, the place of his  
residence, instead of Genesee? Why  
did the Editor of the North Star, the Dem-  
ocratic paper of Saginaw, refuse to pub-  
lish the letter, if it is true as alleged, that  
Mr. Birney imposed on the Democratic  
Convention by a false profession? Why  
does Mr. Garland, a democrat of Saginaw,  
find it necessary to get the Whig Coun-  
ty Committee of Genesee to certify to  
his character? How happens it that they  
certify that he is 'a member of the Pres-  
byterian Church in good standing in this  
village,' (that is, Flint, in Genesee coun-  
ty,) when he himself says he was a  
member of the Democratic Convention  
of Saginaw, and must therefore have  
been a citizen of that county? Finally,  
how much credit is due to a certificate  
signed 'A. P. Davis' when we find the  
same A. P. Davis asserting, in a letter to  
the New York Tribune, that Mr. Birney's  
inveterate hostility to Mr. Clay, grew out  
of the fact of his marriage into the Mr.  
shall family! When, in truth, he never  
married into the family at all, and all its  
members, except perhaps two or three,  
are known friends to the election of Mr.  
Clay.

## THE FORGERY EXPOSED—LOOK AT THE FORGERS—WHAT NOW?

From the Albany Atlas.  
JAMES G. BIRNEY.

The following letter was handed to  
the editor of the Evening Journal, on  
Wednesday last for publication. The  
next day a garbled extract appeared in  
the Journal, misrepresenting Mr. Birney  
in other particulars, so as to lose nothing  
in the way of capital. As the Journal is  
in the habit of assailing its political op-  
ponents, and then refusing them a reply,  
I request a place for Mr. Birney's letter  
in your paper.

ROME, Ossida co., Oct. 21, 1844.

To the Editor of the Evening Journal:

In your paper of the 15th inst., I find  
the following:—"It is notorious that James  
G. Birney is a free trade man, and irre-  
concisably hostile to the whig doctrine of  
a Protective Tariff, and that; before be-  
ing an abolitionist, he acted with the le-  
colocos."

So far from having said or written any-  
thing from which it could be inferred that  
I am what is generally understood by a  
"free trade man," I have published as ex-  
tensively as I could, that I am in favor of  
continuing the existing tariff as long as it  
shall be found beneficial to the country.  
This you might have learned from the  
Liberty party papers. I have never acted  
with the democratic party, nor am I  
aware that I have ever been charged of  
doing so, except of late, by certain whig  
prints which persist in circulating the  
falsehood, notwithstanding I contradicted  
it some two months ago in the Detroit  
Advertiser, in which it first appeared. I  
acted with the whig party till 1833, when  
finding it equally as the democratic party,  
unworthy of trust, I terminated my  
connection with it. Both of these par-  
ties are under the control of the slave  
power—the most formidable enemy of  
free institutions. Respectfully,  
JAMES G. BIRNEY.

## ANTIQUITIES OF SOUTH AMERICA—NEW AND INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

The National Intelligencer contains a long letter  
from Mr. Pickett, at Lima, commenting  
upon discoveries of very extraordinary  
ruins said to have been found by Judge  
Neite in the Province of Chachapoyas.  
While on an exploring expedition. As  
Judge Neite is represented to be of good  
standing, both personally and officially  
we are bound to repose full faith in his  
declarations, otherwise great doubts  
would be thrown over his statements.—  
Judge Neite writes to the profec: of the  
Department, that in making a survey of  
the country he found at Coulapa, build-  
ing of a most extraordinary character,  
which he describes as a wall of hewn

stone 500 feet in width, 3600 feet in  
length, and 150 feet high. This edifice  
being solid in the interior for the whole  
space contains within, 5,370,000 feet of  
circumference, which it has to the be-  
fore mentioned height of 150 feet, is so-  
lid and levelled, and upon it there is an-  
other wall 300,000 feet in circumfer-  
ence in this form, 600 feet in length, and  
500 feet in breadth, with the same eleva-  
tion (150 feet) of the lower wall, and,  
like it, solid and levelled to the summit.  
In this elevation, and also in that of the  
lower wall are a great many habitations  
or rooms of the same hewn stone, 18 feet  
long and 15 wide, and in these rooms,  
as well as between the dividing walls of  
the great wall are found nearly con-  
structed niches a yard or two thirds in  
length, and a half a yard broad and deep,  
in which are found bones of the ancient  
dead, some naked and some in cotton  
shrouds or blankets of very firm texture,  
though coarse, and all worked with bor-  
ders of different colors. If this descrip-  
tion is 'authentic'—and we have no rea-  
son to doubt it—this must be the greatest  
building in the world in point of size.—  
We know of nothing in Egypt or Persia  
to equal it. From the description it must  
have been a vast tomb, but whether erected  
by the Indians, before the Spanish  
discovery, or by remoter generations can-  
not be decided; yet the Judge says that  
the ingenious and highly wrought speci-  
mens of workmanship, the elegance of  
cutting some of the hardest stone the in-  
genious and solidity of the gigantic work,  
all in stone; the elegant articles of gold  
and silver; and the curiously wrought  
ones found in the mounds all testify him  
that that territory was occupied by an en-  
lightened nation which declined in the  
same manner as others, more modern,  
as Babylon, Balbec, and the cities of  
Syria, and this he says is the work of peo-  
ple from the old world, as the Indians  
had no instruments of iron to work with.

We consider it the duty of liberal gov-  
ernments to appoint Commissioners, pro-  
perly organized, to explore all the con-  
tinent of South America, and in particu-  
lar to penetrate the valleys in the Cor-  
dilleras. Great discoveries are yet to be  
made there.

## WELL ANSWERED.

An old German democrat, recently was  
constantly assailed by a whig with whom  
he was working to vote for Henry Clay.  
Our old German answered nothing ex-  
cept he would think of it.

Some days after the whig again asked  
him whether he had not yet determined to  
vote for Clay. But our old German  
gave him the following most excellent  
answer.

"I have been in this country seven  
years and I know Mr. Clay does not  
want my vote, until I have been in this  
country twenty one years. I am there-  
fore determined to vote with the democ-  
racy until I shall have been in this coun-  
try twenty-one years; after that perhaps  
I may vote for Henry Clay.—Albany Ar-  
gus.

CATHING A TARTAN.—We are told by  
an eye witness, that on board the steam-  
boat Raritan, coming from Perth Amboy  
this morning, Mr. Bruen of Amboy called  
the male passengers together in the for-  
ward cabin, where he proceeded to speak  
on what he called "the all-important to-  
pics of the day," and made a regular whig  
speech of three quarters of an hour in  
duration. Col. Arnold, a democrat of  
this city, who happened to be in the cab-  
in, rose to Mr. Bruen closed his speech,  
and briefly replied, when it was proposed  
by somebody that a vote should be taken.  
The result was this:

For Polk and Dallas 48  
Henry Clay 24

When the result was announced by the  
tellers, three hearty cheers were given for  
Polk, Dallas, and Victory—the effect of  
which was that no attempt was made to  
cheer poor Clay.—New York Evening  
Post.

It is said that Henry Clay's letter re-  
pudiating Cassius, overtook Tom Corwin,  
who is stumping in Ohio, and speaking  
after the manner of Cassius. Tom swore  
that he would not make another speech  
in favor of Henry, until he stopped writ-  
ing letters.

AN OLD ONE.—There is in the pos-  
session of a Dutch family in Albany,  
a parrot known to be 82 years old. The  
bird is now blind, but yet it can walk to  
any part of the house without difficulty  
and recognize the different members of  
the family by their footsteps. It whis-  
ples tunes with great exactness and is  
quite fond of sacred music. In early life  
it was a little wild, and a good deal giv-  
ing to profane swearing, but for some time  
it has laid aside this habit, and now oc-  
casional fits of viciousness, the pubes-  
cence of the inner Adam, is a staid, respectable  
and exemplary bird.—[Boston Transcript.]